

## Willie Nelson

### "Pussy Galore"

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Dancin' on the dance floor  
Girl, it's you that I adore  
Step off stage and scream for more  
All I see, pussy galore  
Snap my fingers, make you mine  
If not, I'll snap a second time  
After that, I guarantee  
You will be standing next to me

[Verse 1]

Yo, my own head once said, it's more powerful than  
cocaine  
Freaks dancin' in a line like Soul Train  
To get your pride up, that extra push  
Niggaz lookin' for the time of their life, coppin' a rush  
Yo I know sis', dawg, her name Lorraine  
She's a thick brick house with a chocolate frame  
I went to school with her  
Twelfth grade, I used to fool with her  
She put me on with her squad, I got cool with her  
She used to say she wanted to be a doctor  
And couldn't nothin' stop her  
From gettin' up that cash  
For tuition, even if she had to shake that ass  
Fucked up, her money ain't accumulatin' that fast  
Lorraine know it's real, 'cause sex controls America  
Turn the TV on, it's in the open on the regular, yo  
What the freaks in the video for?  
Fuck a song, gimme a thong, and pussy galore

You see, life is about marketing pussy galore  
Every time I turn around, there's more pussy galore  
Nations going to war for the pussy galore  
Even the cash could afford all the pussy galore  
Yo, gang wars, more pussy galore  
From the screen to the record store, pussy galore  
Every time I turn around, there's more pussy galore  
Even the cash could afford all the pussy galore

[Verse 2]

Yo, desire and lust can make a man kill

Or jump off the bridge, cuffed to a motherfuckin' anvil  
So it's promoted like it is so all y'all know  
Keep a nigga under the spell, you under control  
But yo, I seen it make people slit they wrists  
Weakness, pussy make a spy say secrets  
But what for? Cause sex is the law  
???, many an empire rise and fall  
From the squares to the players  
From the pimps to the whores  
To big checks that never would have been endorsed  
Ya know, I sit back and just peep thangs  
9 outta 10, it's the same songs, only the beat changed  
So don't be lookin' at your peeps strange  
When I conduct a little Litmus test up in your heat range  
That's when you see me up on stage with six  
Wicked ass chicks fittin to get crunk with this

Life is about marketing pussy galore  
Every time I turn around, there's more pussy galore  
Corporations going to war over the pussy galore  
Even the cash could afford all the pussy galore  
Yo, gang wars, more pussy galore  
From the screen to the record stores, pussy galore  
Every time I turn around, there's more pussy galore  
Every time I turn around, there's more pussy galore

[Verse 3]

Yo, fresh cut, with the thick black velour  
With the black ??? sneaks, headed out for tour  
Lookin' out the limo window up at the billboards  
200 miles, she was the only thing I saw  
Promotin' everything, from the liquor to the nicotine  
Cell phones, anti-histamines, chicken wings  
You gotta show a little skin to get them listening  
For real yo, the world is a sex machine  
Full of pretty freaks in designer jeans  
That go to extremes to conjure all kinds of schemes  
Half the time, it ain't even responsibly  
Tryin' to take me some place I'm not tryin to be  
Ghetto, Sin City, where the P is free  
You catch a bid far worsen than a 1 to 3  
All up in the after-hours on the second floor  
For that good thing, that keep 'em comin' back for  
more, ya heard me

It's about marketing the pussy galore  
Every time I turn around, there's more pussy galore  
Nations going to war for the pussy galore  
Even the cash could afford all the pussy galore  
Dig it, gang wars, more pussy galore  
From the screen to the record store, pussy galore

Even the cash could afford all the pussy galore  
More pussy galore, more pussy galore

Yo, dancin' on the dance floor  
Girl, it's you that I adore  
Step off stage and scream for more  
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